

Mögling

memoir of the late
G. Heigle
1855

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MEMOIR
OF THE LATE
REVEREND G. WEIGLE,
MISSIONARY OF THE
GERMAN EVANGELICAL MISSION
AT
MANGALORE.

MADRAS:
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1855.



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ALMANDA, 13th July, 1855.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—When you requested me, a month ago, to furnish you with some account of our departed brother Weigle's life and labors, I at once resolved to obey your call. But for some weeks I felt myself quite unequal to the task. Tears would have fast blotted out my ink; and I trusted that you would not press me too much. The storm must be allowed to blow over, before one can be expected to give to others, be they the dearest and most sympathizing friends, an account of the wreck of one's fondest hopes.

But while I gird myself for the work, I see considerable difficulties in my way. I cannot bring myself to the resolution of writing about our beloved Brother in the style merely of a mourning Missionary colleague, which yet might be more appropriate, as you wish to publish my account. Moreover, if I speak out of the abundance of my heart, I must say more of myself, than I wish to do, before an almost public audience in your *Herald*; for my dear Brother and myself have been so intimately united for fifteen years, working, thinking, feeling, rejoicing, and sorrowing together, have been yoke-fellows so much of one mind, heart, and soul, that I cannot give a full account of the departed without speaking of the living member of the missionary partnership, now, alas! dissolved, for a while, by death. Though we were no relatives, not even by Swabian law, which goes farther than the Scotch, yet we loved to call each other brothers: instead of brethren, and the pain which shot through my soul, when I heard of my brother's death, has taught me what those pangs are, which are said to seize a twin-child, that has to survive the death of his fellow.

May I propose therefore, to you, to have this sketch printed only for private circulation among our more intimate acquaintance, who will no doubt bear with me, perhaps prefer this unreserved narrative to a more staid and distant performance, and to publish in the *Herald*, only such extracts, as you may think suited for a more public communication?

About sunrise on Thursday the 7th June, dear Weigle breathed his last (in a room of the Balmattha Mission house at Mangalore, in which we had spent some of our happiest hours), to the surprise of kind Doctor Chinmo, who had attended him for a few days, but had considered his ailment to be an almost trifling liver-complaint, and to the unutterable grief of his beloved partner

and the brethren of the Mission, who had hastily been called together. No one had entertained so much as anxiety about his illness, except brother Kaundinya, who, on bidding him good night on Wednesday evening, was seized with fears for his safety, because Weigle held his hand for a while and fixed his eyes upon him with a look of tender and mournful affection, as if he felt that he would see him no more on earth. Weigle himself had on Wednesday spoken to his wife and to his cousin, brother Plebst, the Manager of the Press, like one preparing for a change. To brother Plebst, he said, "Dear Plebst, I fear you must write to the Committee and report the stoppage of our Bible work. I shall not finish it. Last night I had a dreadful fit of fever, which turned my blood into ice, and warned me to put my house in order. I shall not survive another fit. Explain to the Committee, how the printing of the book has been retarded, and assure them, that no remissness on my part has caused the delay, but circumstances which you well know and can best explain." To his wife he said: "Dear Pauline, I may be unable to speak just before I go. Let me therefore now say what is in my heart. Know then, that I have loved you unspeakably, and that I go out of this life a poor, very poor sinner, indeed a very poor sinner, for I have trifled away much grace." His poor partner went away to weep and to compose her mind in order to appear calm in the presence of the patient; for Dr. Chimmo had advised her to do what she could to cheer her husband, who required only to regain his spirits in order to shake off his indisposition. Dear Weigle had on former occasions, when he was brought low by sickness, used the language of one expecting shortly to die, and no one now suspected that his feelings were more than the effect of a slight derangement of the liver.

At three o'clock in the morning, he started out of an apparently sound sleep, and threw up some water. His wife awoke and spoke to him, but he answered not. Alarmed, she sent for the Brethren and for the Doctor. The patient was for a short time shaken by slight spasms, but soon became perfectly calm. His eyes were open, but he did not appear to see and to distinguish those who were around him. When Dr. Chimmo arrived, he perceived at once, that all was too late. Between five and six o'clock brother Weigle ceased to breathe. There he lay, brother Kaundinya wrote to me, as if he were deeply engaged in prayer, with a light playing over his countenance, springing from a blessed assurance that his petitions were being heard by his Heavenly Father. His eldest boy, Charles, on being told that his father had died, replied angrily: "No, don't say so. He is not dead. Do you not see how he smiles?" However, in the course of the day the dear child found out his mistake; yet he was not to be shaken from his confidence that his beloved father could not be dead for good. "Make haste," said he to the people, who were busy about the coffin. "Make haste and carry it off":—and then he explained to his

afflicted mother, saying: "Dear mother, let them carry away Papa quickly. When they arrive at the gate, the Lord will come, and tell them to stand. He will take Papa by the hand, and bring him back to us."

Dr. Chimmo was anxious to examine the body. The examination shewed no cause of the sudden death. On the contrary there were rather the appearances of sound health. But the head was left undisturbed. There probably the explanation would have been found. We know enough, however. The Lord has called his servant to rest, too soon, our grief is tempted to say, for us, but he himself would not return to exchange the troubles and temptations of this world for his sweet repose in joyful hope of a blessed resurrection.

His loss to our mission and, I may say, to the Canarese Missions at large, is great indeed; great, when I consider the work which he had done, and greater still, when I consider, what we had a right to expect of him yet; for he was in the very prime of life, not having fully completed his thirty-ninth year, and was about, I trusted, to bear yet an abundance of the ripe fruits of mature age. How great is the power of that Captain, who can afford to let his best men go on leave when the Indian campaign is just on the eve of commencing in earnest!

I wish I had in former days listened to my dear brother, when he used to talk of his early death. But I took it for granted that I had a right to go first, being five years older, and never permitted him to assume the contrary. I should now have something to remember of his wishes regarding the task now imposed upon me. However I know his mind full well. I can almost hear him say to me, (supposing I had put the question laughingly):- "But dear Godfrey, what shall I say, when you are gone. What sort of presentation do you wish me to make?" "Don't joke, dear Herrmann, you will see how things go. I have only one thing to ask you: don't tell lies about me, when I am gone. I am a mere nobody, a nothing. The less said about me the better." "Depend upon that," dear G. I would have replied, "And you give me the same promise, and keep it, when the day comes."

Now that the sad duty has devolved upon me, I shall discharge it faithfully, though it is well that he has not to listen to my account, or he would often interrupt me, and perhaps beg of me, as I loved him, to hold my tongue. For humility, a lowliness of mind I have rarely seen in this world, most true and unaffected, yet almost morbid, so that he himself, sometimes, when I remonstrated with him, suspected there was something wrong about it, and then in his own peculiar way turned round against himself saying, "Who knows, but all this humble-mindedness is only pride in disguise?"—was probably the most prominent feature in his character.

He was born on the 1st July 1816, at the manse of Zell, a village in the beautiful valley of the Neckar in Wurtemberg. His father was a Clergyman of rare attainments, both in theology and mathematics, and of a truly Evangelical character, shrouded almost in extreme modesty. His mother was the daughter of Mr. Werner, a preceptor famous in our country, especially among the tyros of classic languages, from his books of Latin and Greek exercises, which were used as class books throughout the country for one or two generations. She was a woman of extreme nervous sensibility, and unable to bear up long against the trials of this rough world. She died when her eldest boy, Godfrey, was only ten years of age. Our dear brother was a genuine son of both his parents. To him were united the sterling character of the worthy, learned, but most modest father, and the nervous temperament, as well as the talents of the mother. His earliest childhood was spent at Zell under the roof and firm guidance of his father, and the affectionate care of his pious mother.

In 1820 he was committed to the care of his excellent grand-parents, Preceptor Werner and his wife at Stuttgart. After the death of the grandfather, Godfrey was removed to the Lyceum, at Ludwigsburg, where he made rapid progress in Latin, Greek, &c. under the martial rule of Rector Breitschwerdt. Whilst there, the news of his mother's death reached him, and the dying message she sent to her firstborn: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," made a deep impression on his heart. Thence he was transferred to Sindelfingen, where the preceptor Wollbold, a good Latin scholar and very good musician, knew how to stir up in boys of twelve or thirteen years a lasting zeal both for classical studies and music. In the year 1828 his father was again united in marriage to an excellent woman of much faith and love; and shortly afterwards he was sent to the Grammar school of Nürtingen under Rector Plank, one of the most famous Preceptors of the time. During his stay here of one and a half year, he lived in the house of the Dean, Dr. Wurm, a learned and pious divine, who dearly loved the promising scholar. In the year 1830 he was prepared by his father for the first communion. From this season dates the commencement of his spiritual life—but the waters ran under ground for a long distance until in 1835 the stream gushed into the light of full day. After he had put the taper of grace, as it were, into the hand of his first born, the pious father's health declined. He was called to his rest, before Godfrey proceeded to the university. His widow succeeded now to the care of the small family of three children, the eldest of whom had grown into a lively, talented and excellent youth, and one of the first scholars in the theological seminary at Urach. Here his earlier religious impressions were in a great measure supplanted by the spirit of heathen classics, and of modern unchristian poets. Yet a pious tradesman, whose acquaintance he had made, often succeeded

in recalling him to better aspirations; and his ardent love for the study of modern languages, mathematics and the natural sciences, kept him from the company of the wild and thoughtless, though his heart was not with God, but with the world, in the fairy land of fancy and poetry. During this period of life, so full of danger to a buoyant spirit, launching fresh into the enchanted world of sensuous and intellectual pleasure, without knowing how to use the compass of the Word or the anchor of Faith, the good step-mother, more faithful and loving than many a real mother, watched over the son, whose waywardness she perceived with sorrow, and, feeling her own helplessness and inability to be his intellectual guide, she prayed for him with all the anxiety you see in a foster-mother hen, when she has to stay behind and witness her little ducklings glide into an element foreign to herself.*

In autumn 1834 Weigle removed to the university of Tübingen, well furnished with a great variety of knowledge, much of which he had not been taught at the seminary, an enthusiastic admirer of the Humboldts, and Grimms, a devoted adorer of the great poets, and determined to study every language and science, except theology.

In November 1834 I first met my future fellow Missionary. I have forgotten the exact date, but I shall never forget the day of our meeting, and I shall never cease to thank God for mercy past finding out, in having delivered both myself and my beloved brother from one of the most subtle charms of the god of this world, the idolatry of intellect and fancy, (a worship whose temple looks fair enough, but which keeps up a connection, however beautifully garnished, with drunkenness and gluttony and all uncleanness), before we were given over altogether to the lusts of the flesh and of the mind. We met the first time at a public tavern, where I had put up one morning, having come on business from my curacy, at a distance of ten or twelve miles from Tübingen. I was then my

* *Note by Dr. Gundert.*—"We met for the first time in October 1833, at the house of a mutual friend. I was then at the University, Weigle in the seminary at Urach. My face was turned Zionward indeed, but my heart was yet full of the world; I was much taken with young Weigle. The house being full of guests, we both occupied one sleeping apartment. We had a long talk of Goethe and Schiller, (Weigle was then a desperate admirer of Schiller), de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis, till late at night. Weigle put out the candle at last, and a short silence followed. At once W. commenced in a rather solemn tone to ask: What do you think of prayer? I felt ashamed that the shy lad should have been the first to open his lips on such a subject, but answered: I do think that there is reality and power in prayer, I have tried it myself. The ice being now broken, Weigle went on a long while speaking of the wants of his heart, and the manifold woes of his soul. Religion, he said, is the only balm for a wounded spirit. Under this peroration W., who had marched a long distance on the preceding day, fell at last asleep."

father's curate, having left the university, when Weigle entered it. The good spirit of God had begun a work of grace in me, but I was only bent on warding off the sharpness of the sword, steeling myself against the arrows of the Mighty One, and drowning the still small voice in noisy mirth, whenever I found genial company. Weigle was presented to me at a wine breakfast, by one of the elder fellows of our "æsthetic club," as a freshman of great talents and promise, and was graciously received by me as senior of the noble fraternity! Poor Godfrey looked a little embarrassed, and after a while, disappeared.

That winter became the turning point of my life. In February I resolved to go on Mission service, in grateful obedience to the good Lord, who had called me to life. In April I had to preach in a chapel of the university, and delivered, as it were, my confession of faith, to the amazement of many old friends and companions. At that time I met my Brother again. During the summer of the year I was at Basel. In autumn 1835 I took the liberty of proposing to my beloved father, from Basel, that he should marry again, before I left the country. He had been a widower for a year, and had the care of five other children all younger than myself. I informed him, that I had heard of the widow of the Rev. Ch. Weigle as a most exemplary and truly pious woman, and that I had a kind of presentiment that she would be to himself and our family all he could desire. My dear father, who treated me more like a friend than a son, acted upon my letter. This union proved perfectly happy and richly blessed, not only to the beloved parents but to the whole family and many others. Now I found dear Weigle in my father's house, a member of our own family, and as dear to my father, as if he had been his own child. We both were soon intimate, and I did my dear brother an essential service without knowing it. He had looked up to me as somebody, on the strength of the traditions of me still fresh when he entered the college. He had been under the same charm as myself, and, though struggling, had not yet succeeded in shaking it off. The bread of life did not yet fully suit his taste, nor could he as yet distinguish between religious impressions upon the imagination, and the power of the Gospel living in the heart. Now a disenchanted man had suddenly become his friend, his brother. He saw that the word of God was truth and life to the former poetic dreamer, and that those jewels, which still retained some attractive power in his own eyes, were treated by the sobered friend as very gravel. He perceived that there was reality in what he saw and heard, and felt this new influence as a deliverance. I was about to go to India. His own boyish Missionary dreams, which his father formerly had discouraged, returned now in a more sober hue, and under the aspect not of fancy but of duty. God had granted him the help he had required, in order to become a freedman of Christ. He now felt the power of Grace,

and surrendered himself fully to his Saviour. When on the 6th January, 1836, I was ordained at St. George's, the University church, dear Weigle came to me in the evening and, giving me a hearty shake of the hand, said : "It is done, Herrmann. If it be the will of God, I follow you to India, as soon as I have finished my course here." This was my ordination-shilling. O the riches of God's mercy!

Weigle had still three years of University study before him. The mere literary and æsthetic spell was broken. He was now a christian young man, of excellent talents and great acquirements, who had a purpose in his heart and an object to live for, and he used his time well. Dr. Schmid was his master and guide in Exegetical and Homiletical theology. Professor Ewald, the great Orientalist, was delighted with the strides the young disciple made in Sanscrit and Arabic. In private the zealous student prosecuted his general linguistic studies. At the same time the constant intercourse with our dear father, who, I do believe, at last quite forgot that Weigle was not his own son, and who had greatly advanced himself in spiritual life, was a source of comfort and strength to the yet un-experienced beginner. Richly furnished with rare accomplishments, he went to Basel in the end of 1838. He stayed there a year, employed as tutor in the institution, but living among the brethren, and acquired much practical and experimental knowledge of the Scriptures and of Christian life. Early in 1840, he left for India in the company of the brethren, J. Muller, J. Ammann, and M. Fritz, towards whom he continued to feel a peculiar attachment, and arrived at Mangalore on the 19th September of that year.

He brought with him to this India-Mission service stores of knowledge rarely in the possession of a fresh-man from Europe, and talents of the first order. He was a very fair Latin and Greek scholar, well at home in Hebrew, had gone deep into medieval German, had studied Arabic and Sanscrit under professor Ewald with much zeal and success, and had made himself acquainted with all the principal languages of Europe from Russian to Portuguese. On his arrival at Bombay in June 1840 he commenced Canarese, and looked about him in Mahrathi, Guzarathi and Hindusthani, to which afterwards Malayalam, Tulu and Tamil were added. On his landing at Mangalore on the 19th September, as above stated he found me in my room—(it was my fourth Indian year.)—boring at Krishnamacharyar's Canarese Grammar. He sat down with me at once. In a few days I found, that he helped me as much as I did him, and before we had gone through half the book, we were almost on a par. My joy at having found such a work-fellow was most intense. I scarcely knew how to behave myself. In the following December he accompanied me on a Missionary tour to the annual festival at Subrahmanya, when he had the first full view of the work that lay before us, and felt a little nervous

at the rough and tough battling of which we had a specimen there ; but resolutely made up his mind to do his part of our common labor heartily and thoroughly. In the beginning of 1841, he relieved me of the superintendence of, and the lessons I had given in, the then new English School, and from that time forward, he showed in nothing the apprentice, but was ever ready for every duty which happened to fall to his lot. When and how he learned English, of which he had a very complete knowledge, and which he spoke remarkably well ; when and how he learned Canarese, in which I doubt if any Missionary excelled him, I cannot tell, though we lived day and night together for several years. He seemed to take things into his mind, as one puts food into one's mouth, without considering it fatiguing work ; to digest at his ease, what he had thus acquired, and then—it was his own, for his memory was excellent. Yet I believe, few of the brethren of our Mission ever knew the extent of his attainments ; and when some allusion to his private stores slipped from his lips, he was quite anxious to obliterate the remembrance of the blunder by some disqualifying remark, or by hurrying to some other topic of conversation. He was a good mathematician, knew a good deal of medicine, anatomy and physiology, carefully watched the progress which modern science has made on the field of Geology and Astronomy ; and was fond of Botany. But only on rare occasions would he allow himself to appear as if he knew more than his neighbours. Besides, he had a great taste for music, and an excellent voice and a most correct ear.

His was the principal share in the labor of our new Canarese translation of the Bible. He prepared the first draft of the translation of the New Testament, and of most of the books of the Old Testament. This work he performed diligently, and all the rest of our Revision Committee members thought, successfully. But to take part in the proceedings of the Revision Committee was very torture to him. Of course his translation had to be debated, changes were proposed and carried by a majority of votes. Sometimes our corrections of his draft were really good, and he would then rejoice in the emendation, but sometimes the reverse was the case, or at least appeared to him so. On such occasions he would sit at the Committee like a culprit. Every adverse remark sounded to him like a condemnation of his labors and his capacity. He was afraid of stating his reasons fully, thinking he might hurt the feelings of some member of the Committee. And could he undertake to defend his own work ? Would it not look as if he thought himself superior in knowledge of the original or of the Canarese to the rest of us ? He was therefore quite happy, when an arrangement was made, which reduced the number of Revision Committee members in attendance from six to three, and permitted him to make me his proxy. He had a peculiar gift in translating, however. He did not like to translate

quite literally. But he entered so thoroughly into the spirit and taste of the original before him, and had so correct an instinct in seizing the appropriate materials from the stores of the sacred language for reconstructing the building, as it were, on new ground that, if he did not produce photographs (which too often look lifeless though of course correct), he gave speaking likenesses. We had many a brotherly battle on this score in translating the scriptures, because I often wished to obtain, what sometimes proved an impossibility, a perfect transfusion not of the substance only but of the form also of the inspired text into the Canarese mould. And neither of us had the least inclination to yield a hair's breadth to please one another, nor would he have been pleased, if he had suspected, that I compromised something from deference to his judgment. His extreme sensitiveness combined with his innate humility—an heirloom, I believe, from his excellent father—rendered him liable to raise his opinion of the capacities of others in the same ratio, in which he depreciated his own. He would sometimes treat me, who was sadly inferior to him in philological attainments, in a manner that would remind me of the hallucination of some learned Professor, seized with profound respect for the scholarship of the follower who carries his books for him.

His powers of application, when he was once fairly in harness, and the rapidity with which he went over his ground, were extraordinary. He could go on for days and weeks, labor the whole day and dream of his work at night. His translation of the New, and of the greater part of the Old Testament, I have mentioned. Some years ago he undertook the translation of a German Biblical commentary, in which however he was frequently interrupted by sicknesses of his own and in his family, and by the avocations of his regular Missionary duties, formerly at Dharwar, latterly at Mangalore. The first part of the New Testament, comprizing a harmony of the Gospels, he translated without the help of a Munshi, writing every word of the goodly volume with his own hand.

In 1846, when I was at home for some months, Dr. Hoffmann, the then Principal of the Basel Missionary Institution, desired me to write some Essay on an Indian subject, likely to prove acceptable to the Friends of our Mission among men of learning. I pleaded my inability to write anything worth reading amidst the continual distractions of travelling, attending meetings &c. "But I give you three months time," he said. I replied, "If you give me three months, I promise you something truly good, but I shall get it out of my brother Weigle, not from my own poor resources." "Three months will scarcely give you time to receive an answer to a letter," Dr. Hoffmann thought. However I wrote immediately to Weigle and said, "Dear brother, I am in a fix. I ought to produce something on a sudden for publication, something to in-

terest the learned folks here. You will do this much better at Kateru (where he then lived). Let me have a good full Essay on the character of the Canarese language and literature. But mind, I *must* have it by return of post. You have a full fortnight, quite sufficient." The third mail brought me the required essay, which was afterwards printed in the transactions of the Leipzig Oriental Society; met with deserved praise, and was at once acknowledged by a diploma of membership to the author. He translated Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, which he asked me, or rather permitted me (for he dreaded touching the masterwork of the great Christian poet), to adapt, modestly, to the meridian of India. His was the principal share in the formation of our Canarese Hymn-book, a third edition of which, containing 150 hymns, (mostly translations of old German Church hymns,) he was prevented from carrying through the press by his sudden departure. He had advanced, however, to the third but last sheet. Nearly 130 hymns were printed, when I arrived at Mangalore, five days after his death. Besides, he revised my own tracts and translations, as if they had been his own: and in some measure they were his as well as mine, for we had all things in common.

Yet if some friend had asked him about his literary labors as a Canarese Missionary, he would probably have replied: "There is little to be said. I have translated a considerable portion of the Scriptures for the Canarese Revision Committee, but I doubt if my work has been very acceptable or useful. I have commenced the translation of a new Biblical commentary, but shall never finish it. Besides, I have now and then assisted brother Moegling a little in his book manufactory; you had better ask him." He seemed constantly to labor under the humiliating consciousness, that he had done very little. And in one sense I myself think that he was right. I never considered his labors during these first fifteen years—thus I fondly called them,—of his Indian Missionary life—to be more than a kind of first fruits, rather scanty, of a coming rich harvest. The Lord has judged differently, and called him to his rest. The husbandman has come into his garden, and, seeing the ripe and mellow fruit, has taken it home, while the sour apple is left hanging on the tree, to sweeten in time also.

He was a thoughtful, earnest, painstaking and edifying preacher, who seldom withdrew the attention of his hearers from the grand themes of the Gospel; whose own soul knew no rest but in free grace, and the blood of the Lamb; and who strove to magnify Christ, the Saviour of sinners, in the hearts of men. He delighted at different periods, as opportunities offered, in lecturing on some of Paul's epistles; himself, in spirit, going back to the scenes and times of the first century, to live among the company of the Apostles, and the first Missionaries of Christ's Kingdom. But his Canarese preaching was decidedly superior to his English Sermons. In an English congregation, the

apprehension that he might perhaps be addressing critics instead of hearers, often rendered him uncomfortable. But in a Canarese congregation he seemed to feel at ease and at home. The remembrance of the few sermons which he allowed me to hear, is still fresh and sweet to me. His dispositions were so simple and arose so naturally from the text; his expositions of the word were so clear, so comprehensive, so well proportioned, and yet so easy; his practical applications so much to the point, sometimes a little pungent, yet so calm and kind and humble withal; his Canarese so well grounded, so faultless, so transparent and so perfectly idiomatic, without in the least reminding one of set phrases kept in store and produced for the occasion, that I have gone away saying to myself, "I have heard nothing better of this kind of preaching, probably shall not again, even from Godfrey himself." He had, while at Tübingen, duly appreciated and fully profited by the best master of the time in Biblical and practical Theology, Prof. Dr. Schmid, for whom he ever entertained the most grateful veneration, and from whom he had learned to let the text preach its own sermon.

He had a great love for every thing beautiful in nature, or human character. A fine flower, a lovely landscape, some noble trait of character in religious people or in others, was a feast to him, which he would long enjoy and often repeat; while the sight of things unseemly, and intercourse with persons, whose character he could not esteem, would make him quite unhappy.

His mind was so thoroughly cultivated, and his memory so richly stored with all kinds of knowledge, that he would have been delightful and most instructive in conversation, if he had had nerve enough to hear himself speak alone for a few minutes in a larger company. But he was himself quite a company for one who had the privilege of enjoying his society alone for some time. It was not in his nature to make a display of his large stores of information, but whoever came in contact with him, Missionary or man of science, military man or civilian, found him fully alive to, and *au fait* in, any question of interest, practical or theoretical; and such as had the pleasure of unrestrained intercourse with him carried away the impression that, to use the words of a valued friend at Mangalore, they had met with a man of refined taste and highly cultivated mind. He never indulged in sallies of wit or raillery, not deeming such sport safe, for he judged of the feelings of others by his own extreme sensitiveness. But few people enjoyed a good joke more than he did, when he was sure that no one's feelings were hurt, or when, among a company of likeminded friends, he himself with his harmless foibles was made the butt of pleasantry. His judgment was remarkably sober, solid and sound, but slightly tinged by his constitutional melancholy. He was sure of looking at the dark side, while I looked at the bright

side of things, and thus became, to a sanguine temperament, a most valuable counsellor and counterpoise. He seldom offered, never obtruded, his opinions on others; but when he felt it his duty to speak out, he had great firmness, and nothing could induce him to swerve from a faithful delivery of his sentiments, though they were couched in the mildest language at his command. He had a horror of extremes, both in politics and in religious views, generally preferred old to new things, and felt an instinctive antipathy to all radicalism. Without blinding himself to the insular pride and selfish policy of England, he greatly admired all that is healthy, and noble, and generous in the English character, (the great Duke, especially, was his hero: his death went to his very heart,) and might have used the language of Niebuhr to express his English sympathies: "If I was not a German, and had my choice, I should like to be an Englishman."

As a husband and a father, he was the most affectionate creature alive. His soul was bound up in the happiness of his wife and children. Sickness, even of the mildest character, in his family would affect him most keenly, and occasionally unfit him almost for work. Yea sometimes, if by anxious cross questioning, he discovered that his beloved partner had been ailing, he could scarcely realize the fact that all was past, but would exclaim with a sigh, "*My poor wife, how much have you to suffer!*" His Christian character was quite in keeping with the above delineation. He had enjoyed a sound religious education, his father having been a most exemplary and devoted servant of God. Especially during the season of preparation for his first communion, the instructions and admonitions of his beloved father, whose health was already failing, made deep impressions on his heart, never afterwards to be effaced. When, after a number of years, during which he had been more or less estranged from the Lord, he was at last brought to a full apprehension of the grace of Christ, he had not that fulness of joy in believing, which is often vouchsafed to those who have previously lived altogether without God and without hope in the world, but was often disturbed by doubts as to the reality of his religion, and haunted by fears lest he should lose the grace which, when in a melancholy frame of mind, he would think he had received in vain. This characteristic clung to him to the last. A few days before his death, he wrote to Dr. Gundert, one of his oldest and most intimate friends, on perusing a letter from a son of Dr. Gundert, which gave clear indications of a thorough change of heart in the dear youth, "Samuel's letter has moved me to tears. When I see so childlike and thorough a conversion, I cannot help thinking of myself and feeling that, poor old fellow, for the want of a thorough commencement I am still full of ailings. Alas! the Lord have mercy upon me." The farewell words addressed to his beloved partner sprang from the same source of an humble, contrite spirit, which is precious in the sight of God.

As a Missionary, he was more adapted for the building up of a church gathered into the fold of Christ, for the grounding of believers in a fuller knowledge of divine truth, and for instructing promising youths in every branch of learning, than for aggressive action on the raw and unsympathizing mass of heathenism, or awakening the unconcerned professor. Public preaching in the bazaar remained a task-work to him to the very last, though he did his duty manfully, and often in very admirable style. As is sometimes the case with highly gifted minds, he never succeeded in working by steady rule and method. But whenever he had once warmed in a labour, few men could exceed him in determined exertion, which lasted as long as any part of the work in hand remained unfinished; but though he seemed to enjoy such excessive work, it was too violent to be carried on for ever. Thus his faults and short-comings lay by the very side of his great gifts and his christian virtues.

It is not necessary to carry on the narrative further, an account of the Indian Missionary having been given above. Five years he spent at Mangalore, at the end of which time he was married to a partner chosen for him by our dear father, a choice than which none could have proved happier. The five following years he spent on the Nilagiris, where, in connection with the noble Casamajor, he founded the Badaga mission. The last five years were divided between Dharwar and Mangalore. He has left four children, two of whom, the second and third, bear the very image of their father.

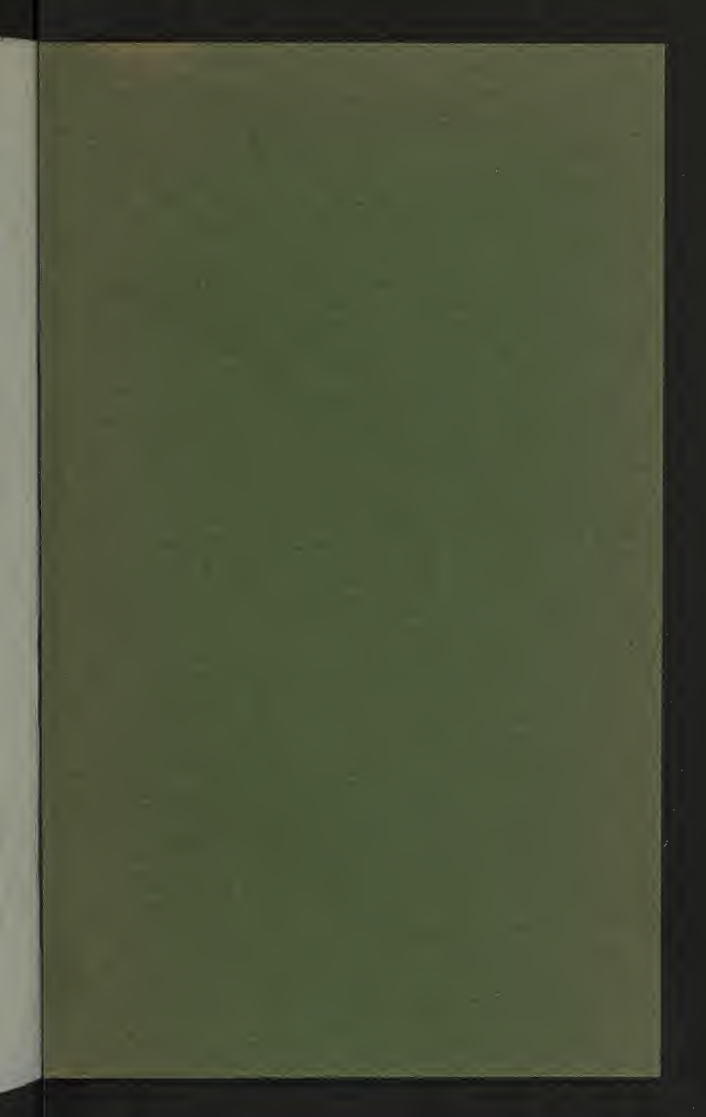
We have no likeness of Weigle, except one made by a friend many years ago, which Mr. Casamajor condemned, saying: "This is a very fine face, no doubt, and something like Weigle, yet not like him. This is not Weigle's fine intellectual forehead. I don't like it." The first time *I* was struck with the peculiar character of his countenance, was, strange to say, at Paris, July 1846, when I had the pleasure of several times meeting the celebrated professor Agassiz, from whose face I could scarcely take off my eyes, and who bore the most striking resemblance to my brother, only that the lower part of the Professor's face was broader and stronger. Both had, under capacious bright foreheads, a pair of large brown eyes full of life and deep thought. On Weigle's muscular and peculiarly waved upper lip was a constant play of intellect, melancholy, and sensitive tenderness. His height was very nearly five feet ten inches, but he contrived to carry himself in such a manner as to look shorter. Very rarely stood he quite erect, except in the pulpit. He had brown hair and a fair complexion; his appearance was that of a strongly made man. Latterly he was inclined to corpulency. As for dress, he was very indifferent. Had it not been for the business of shaving, which he despatched in a minute or two, a looking glass would have been a superfluity to him.

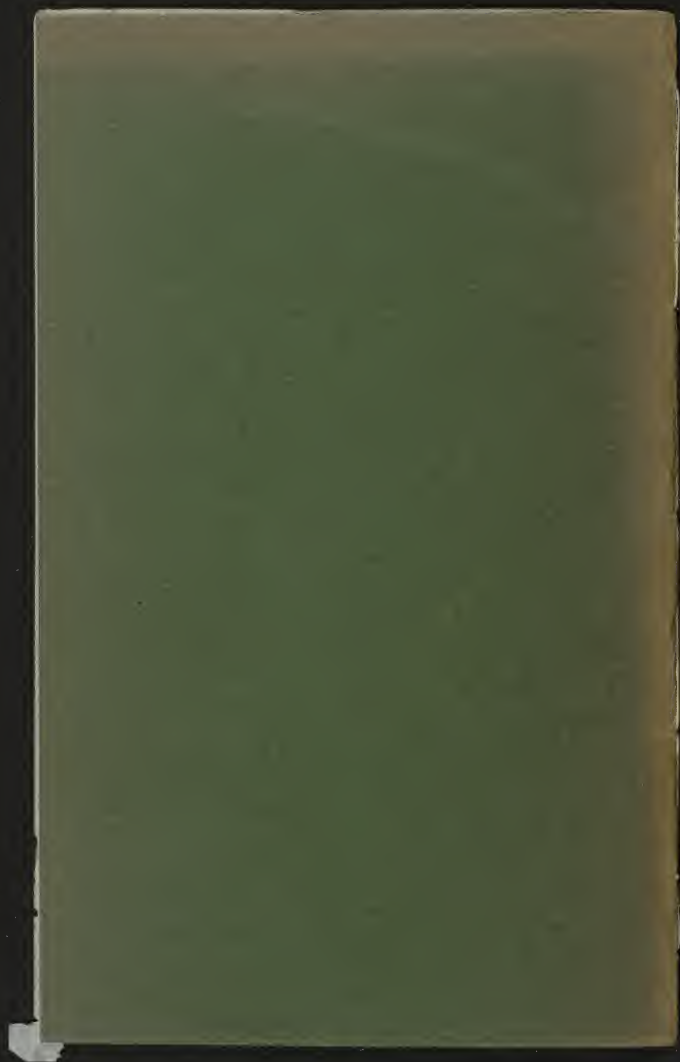
Now I have done. The attempt to draw a faithful likeness of the beloved departed has been to me a task of sweet sadness. I shall never see his like on this side of the grave. My brotherly love will ever be with him, unaltered. And shall I not see him again? To Faith the day of the Lord is at hand. In his presence we shall meet!

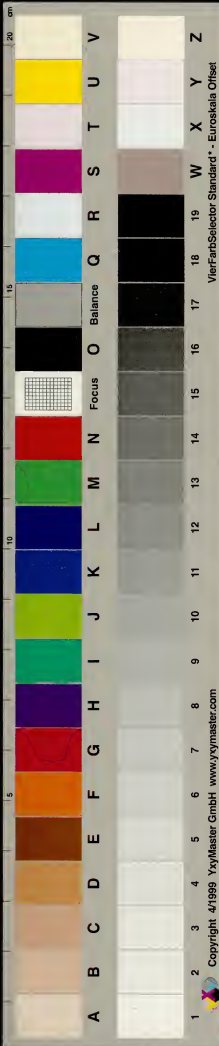
Like a little child, whose tears are suddenly dried up by a gleam of joy, I am tempted to clap my hands and sing:

"O! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more."

H. MOEGLING.







VierFarbSelector Standard* - Euroskala Offset

ALMANDA, 13th July, 1855.

you requested me, a month ago, to of our departed brother Weigle's life obey your call. But for some weeks a task. Tears would have fast blotted ou would not press me too much. The v over, before one can be expected to rest and most sympathizing friends, 's fondest hopes.

e work, I see considerable difficulties self to the resolution of writing about yle merely of a mourning Missionary more appropriate, as you wish to , if I speak out of the abundance of self, than I wish to do, before an almost for my dear Brother and myself have teen years, working, thinking, feeling, er, have been yoke-fellows so much that I cannot give a full account of f the living member of the missionary l, for a while, by death. Though we Swabian law, which goes farther than ach other brothers instead of brethren, my soul, when I heard of my brother's e pangs are, which are said to seize a e death of his fellow.

you, to have this sketch printed only more intimate acquaintance, who will prefer this unreserved narrative to a ance, and to publish in the *Herald*, think suited for a more public com-

the 7th June, dear Weigle breathed almattha Mission house at Manga- some of our happiest hours), to Chimmo, who had attended him for his ailment to be an almost trifling utterable grief of his beloved partner

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